

CHARACTERS:



CHARACTERS:

ALEXANDER POPE Esq;

AND

EPISTLE

Mr. WHITEHEAD.

TO

ALEXANDER POPE Esq;

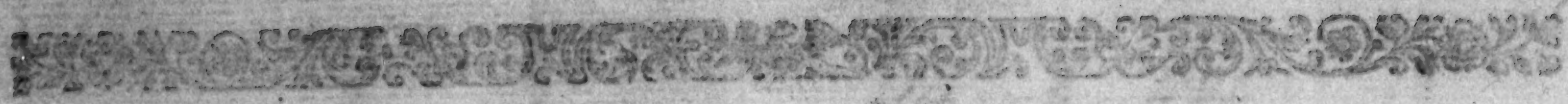
AND

Mr. WHITEHEAD.



Price One Shilling.





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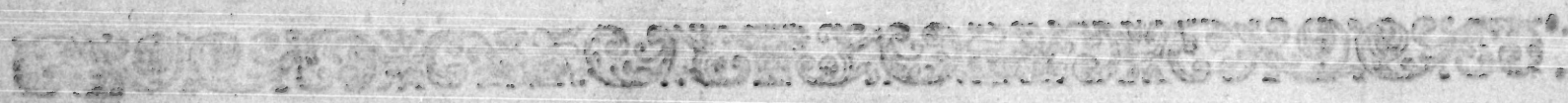
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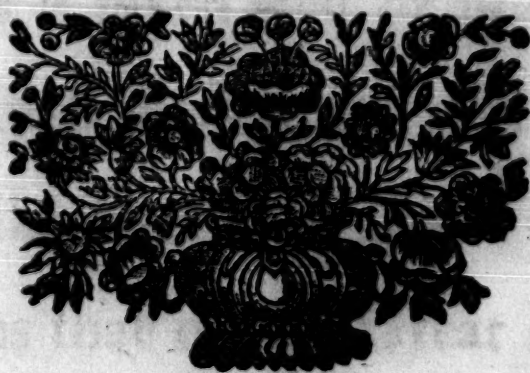
Λιγυμεναι δέριδος κακομιχανου.

ILIAD. Lib. ix.

*Cernenda autem sunt diligenter, ne fallant ea nos vitia, quæ  
virtutem videntur imitari.*

TULLY.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and  
sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

M DCC XXXIX.



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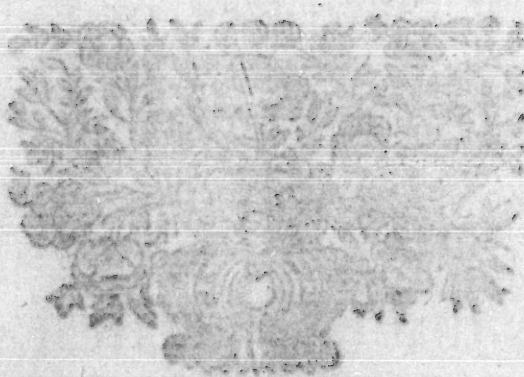
MR. WHITEHEAD.

LIB. ix.

Αρχειον, βιβλιον χειρογραφον.

Gerenda autem sunt diligenter, ne fallant ea nos verba, que  
virtutem significant imitari.

TULLY.

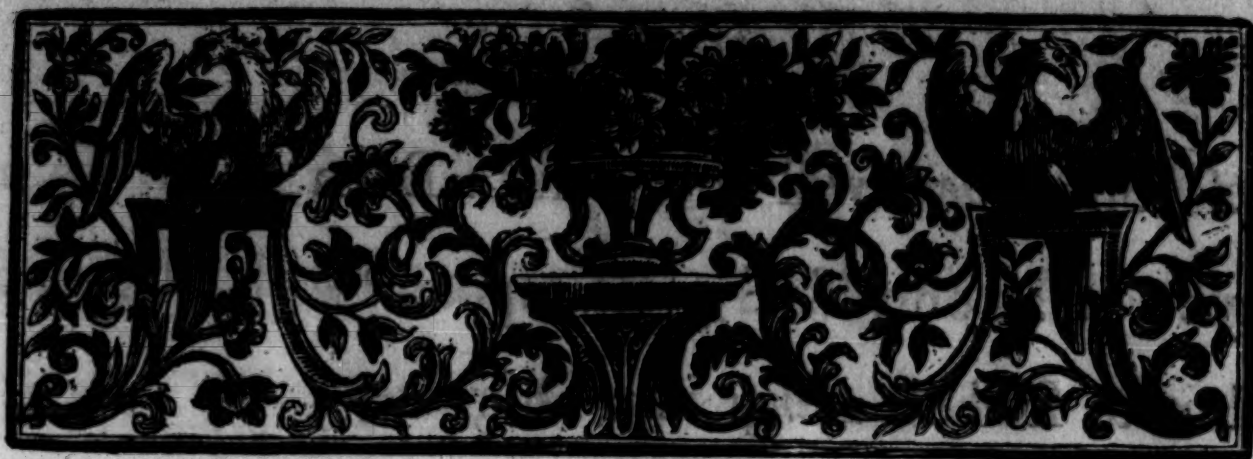


L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Cooper, at  
sold by the Booksellers in Peter-Worship-King; and  
W. Chiswick.

MDCCLXXIX.





# CHARACTERS.



HALL *Pope* and *Whitehead*, with the rankest  
Hate,

Disgorge a Stew of Satire on the State,  
As if a \* *Verres* or a *Nero* reign'd,  
Who all the Laws of God and Man profan'd;  
Blaz'd from the Rapine of the Just and Good,  
And stain'd their impious Hands in guiltless Blood;  
And I in its Defence not draw my Pen,  
To strip the Varnish from invidious Men?  
I will, --- careless if taken well or ill,  
On them spew forth the Venom of their Quill;  
Whose Virtue, like their Wit, is but a Flash,  
Full of the Stains that on the Great they dash.

Say, why the Court the Poet should offend,  
Unless at Court the Poet has no Friend?

\* They that want to be acquainted with the true Character of *Verres*, must look into *Tully's* Orations; and into *Suetonius* for that of *Nero* and *Domitian*, whom we shall by and by make Mention of.



Unless *Sir Robert* will not grant a Boon  
 To you, that only study to lampoon?  
 Fit but to scribble *Kings* into Disgrace,  
 You'd scribble from your *King* the *Statesman's Place*;  
 Or for yourselves, or Friends: --- no Matter which;  
 You only scribble to be great and rich.

Yes! --- as the cast-off Strumpet in Disgrace  
 Rails at the Harlot that supplies her Place;  
 So you, because your Friends are not in Play,  
 Snarl at the loyal Chiefs that bear the Sway.  
 Yet sanguine Envy spurs you on in vain,  
 And on yourselves reflects the blackest Stain:  
 Still shine the Worthies that adorn the State,  
 Upheld by the invincible Laws of Fate.

Laugh on! --- and with a Sneer the Truth evade;  
 Yet it shall pierce you in the thickest Shade:  
 Shall lash your Conscience in the cool Retreat,  
 And prove that all your Virtue's but a Cheat.

Who can but smile to see a Poet dash  
 From his obnoxious Pen a Sink of Trash,



On all the Lights of Church, of State, and Law;  
Aiming by Pride to keep the World in Awe?

Not Words, but *Manners* must reclaim Mankind,  
And open all the Beauties of the Mind.  
Good Actions are the Test of virtuous Men;  
And not the Dashes of a *Madman's* Pen.  
These only dignify the godlike Man,  
And make him greater than a Monarch can.  
Till these appear, --- *Pope's* but a specious Knave;  
A Tool to Envy, and Ambition's Slave;  
Link'd with Division, Prejudice and Hate,  
In Anarchy would fain involve the State:  
Of Soul too covetous to sit at Ease;  
And too ill-natur'd any more to please:  
His Talent is to cast a Slur on all  
That grace the Court, the Senate, or the Hall:  
Who by their Merit chance to rise to Fame,  
And next the Throne reflect the brighter Flame.

Now point your Satire, and deny the Truth;  
Yet know the greatest Virtue shines in Youth.  
A Poet's Word but rarely passes now,  
Unless we read his Honour in his Brow:

Too



Too full of Fallacy to be believ'd,  
 So often you have worthy Men deceiv'd:  
 To credit what you vend wou'd be a Crime,  
 Whose only Merit is to flash in Rhyme!

Go! --- after *Ethicks* write a bawdy Piece;  
 To put it off, relenting *Rufus* fleece;  
 Then with a spurious Title force it down:  
 Yet, as it ought, 'tis damn'd by all the Town.  
 Not this detect your Craft and Avarice,  
 All tainted with a World of blacker Vice?  
 It does, in spite of all your dirty Art,  
 And makes the Conscience feel the bitter Smart.

Now drop with *St. John* to the deepest Hell,  
 And unto Traitors there your Poems sell:  
 There let your Hawkers cry 'em on a String,  
 And spread Sedition to dethrone your King.  
 Yet blot out all Encomiums ere you vend,  
 With which you dawb and flatter ev'ry Friend;  
 Or you'll be scourg'd severely for a Fool,  
 And double damn'd for an *Apostate's* Tool.  
 There *Sapho* too must wear a cleaner Smock;  
 Nor must the Lover fear to catch the Pock:

Or



Or by a Legion of the stoutest Whores  
 You'll suffer Vengeance for your bawdy Scabres;  
 Such the *Hy Hypocrite*, that lays a Claim  
 To Honour and to Virtue's sacred Name;  
 Who swells like *Alexander* in his Car,  
 And throws his Dirt on ev'ry blazing Star.

\* Let's seek out Virtue in some fairer Line;  
 Let's see how glorious *Tully* makes it shine:  
 Illum'd with all that's great, benign, and good;  
 By which the virtuous Man is understood:  
 See how he sets it off with Rays divine,  
 With all that can the God-like Man refine!  
 Leave *Horace* then, and learn the beamy Page,  
 Till Modesty adorns this sinking Age.

*Whitehead*, by Nature generous and free,  
 Know hence that I begin to pity thee;  
 And blush to see thee satyryze the State  
 With so much Malice and malignant Hate.  
 What! seek by Scandal after fleeting Fame,  
 Whose Breath for ever taints the fairest Name?

\* *Quamobrem omnibus ejus partibus cognitis tota vis  
 Erit simplicis honestatis considerata. Habet igitur partes  
 Quatuor, Prudentium Justitiam, Fortitudinem, Temperantiam.*



Rather in Silence end thy wretched Days,  
 Than thus be emulous to wear the Bays.  
 Tho' you and I, my Friend, may disagree,  
 'Tis good Advice, and gave without a Fee.

When *Horace* first began to shew his Wit,  
 In soft melodious Odes the Poet writ;  
 Flow'd pleasantly from Theme to Theme along;  
 Love, Mirth, and Joy ran high in ev'ry Song:  
 Till good *Mecænas* clasp'd him in his Arms,  
 And great *Augustus* smil'd upon his Charms.  
 No Prince so happy then as *Horace* liv'd;  
 No pretty Miss so many Gifts receiv'd:  
 But \* when in Satire he began to sneer,  
 And did upon the Nobles taunt and jeer,  
 The bitter Wag soon fell into Disgrace,  
 And half his Reputation lost apace.  
 So Poets ought to please, and not offend,  
 That mean to merit an impartial Friend.  
 Be this your Theme, and you and I agree,  
 Who love as well as *Whitehead* to be free.

\* ————— *eum mea nemo*  
*Scripta legit.* —————

HOR. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

I know what *Horace* says in his own Defence; neither do I dispute but that Satire is allowable and entertaining, when writ with Wit and Judgment, and cultivated with Decency.

Dream



Dream not that Satire can a Fortune raise;  
 Men often envy what they fondly praise.  
 Not Wit, but Wisdom makes the Man to shine,  
 And robes him with Embellishments divine;  
 Or Women surely are the fittest Things  
 To charm in Council, with the greatest Kings;  
 Who, ere the Statesman can his Wit impart,  
 With something pretty captivate the Heart.

But you from *Juvenal* would snatch the Rod,  
 And scour along the Path in which he trod;  
 Who, banish'd from the State he could not save,  
 Did live but little better than a Slave.  
 Then, ere you dash again, reflect, and think  
 If he but murder'd Time, and Pen and Ink;  
 If brighter than the Times the Poet shon,  
 Or nothing in the Combat can be won.

Say, does *Domitian* stain the *British* Throne,  
 Maintain'd by bloody Sycophants alone;  
 That not in God, but Power put their Trust,  
 And feed upon the Rapine of the Just?  
 Torture, banish, and punish all that write,  
 And put good Men to Death but out of Spite?

No;



No; --- cries the blackest Rancour. Answer then,  
 Why all this bitter Satire of the Pen?  
 Perfidious *France* and cruel *Spain* invade  
 The Merchants Treasure, and destroy our Trade:  
 Then draw the *Sword*, and bid the *Cannons* roar,  
 Till Terror brushes 'em from ev'ry Shore;  
 Till we the Monarchs of the Ocean reign,  
 And the great Balance of the World maintain:  
 Yet dread the Consequence of being rash,  
 And tremble when the Ministry you dash:  
 Time, Friend, is precious, and should not be spent  
 In raising Fiends to lash the Government.

\* Shock'd at the heavy Fine he cannot pay,  
 Is brave *Camillus* forc'd to run away?  
 † Or, murder'd as he flies, does *Tully* bleed,  
 Who from a Massacre his Country freed?  
 Say, rather Mercy spares the worst of Men,  
 And view the Traitor brandishing his Pen,  
 To wound the Friend that lately call'd him back;  
 No Villainy was ever half so black: ---

\* *Percussatus animos errorum responsum tulisset se collaturos quanti damnatus esset. In exilium abiit. Livy.*

† *Vide Vitam Ciceronis.*

It is to be lamented, methinks, that there is no Punishment order'd here for the three following Vices, set forth by the Archbishop of *Cambray*, as scourg'd by the Laws of *Minos*, in his *Telemachus*, Book V.

*Ici on punit trois vices qui sont impunis chez les autres peuples; l'Ingratitude, la Dissimulation, & l'Avarice.*



Yet such the Chief that mingles with the Bowl,  
*Pope's* Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul.

Convince that ours are like those wretched Times,  
 Or Men of Wisdom will despise your Rhymes:  
 Prove that you've equal Reason to complain,  
 Or your own Satire lashes you again.

Easy the Task to brand another's Fame,  
 And to bespatter ev'ry noble Name;  
 Till the bright Beam of Truth's refulgent Ray  
 Pierces thro' the thick Calumny its Way;  
 And thence reveals a *Garter* or a *Star*,  
 Without a Blemish, and without a Scar.

Yes; --- I with equal Ardour cou'd commend  
 The Beauties of a *Patron* or a *Friend*;  
 And shew a Grace in ev'ry splendid Line,  
 That beams the Man with Excellence divine.  
 But Panegyricks are the Things they hate,  
 Who shine conspicuous at the Helm of State;  
 And bravely trust from Worth sublime to raise  
 Fair Monuments of everlasting Praise.

D

Then



Then, if content with *Pope* to flash along,  
 In the full Torrent of \* abusive Song,  
 And to applaud a *Lord* with spumy Froth,  
 You ev'ry Talent of the Soul call forth:  
 As you exalt a Friend into a God,  
 And scourge the Statesman with the Pedant's Rod;  
 Know that the Wasp, tho' but a little Thing,  
 Shall gaul you with the Poignance of its Sting.

Tho' to thy Merit, *Chesterfield*, I bow;  
 The Praise that *Pope* and *Whitehead* give allow;  
 Confess that scarcely in a thousand Years  
 So great, so bright a Genius once appears:  
 Yet since some Stains pollute the noblest Mind,  
 And no Perfection shines in Human-kind;  
 Or, as some Spots flow with the fairest Song,  
 So *Chesterfield* in some Things may be wrong.

Say, why you scorn the Honours of your King,  
 And blush to blaze within the brilliant Ring:  
 Know wherefoe'er the Man of Virtue shines,  
 He beams a Lustre, and the Orb refines.

\* There would be no great Difficulty in proving that the greatest Part of our modern fine Satire is little else but personal Abuse and Slander; excepting that which by lavish Eulogiums exaggerates and amplifies the Merit of Friends and Patrons, who are well known to be implacable Enemies to the present Ministry. And if this be allowed, as undoubtedly it must, it must also be admitted, that this *Cacoethes scribendi*, as *Juvenal* has it, favours more of Malice, Spleen, and Ill-nature, than good Sense, Wit, Learning, and Judgment.



Think seriously on this, and then complain,  
If to appear at *Court* be any Stain.

If *George* offends, sweet *Fredrick* cannot hope  
To please a *Whithead*, or to charm a *Pope*.  
Tho' bright in all that can conciliate Love,  
Wise as a Serpent, harmless as a Dove,  
Not all the Charms of Heav'n can soften all  
That seek for Favour, or for Pageants call:  
So with an Eagle's Eye, great *Fredrick*, scan  
The *Patriot*, ere you trust designing Man.

All that approach you, something have in View;  
The Rays of Honour shine in very Few:  
Yet are the Men of Virtue easy known,  
Tho' very rare the blooming Flow'r is blown.  
The Ray by which you may distinguish such,  
Beams in the Souls that never sooth too much;  
That blush to raise up Discord in the State,  
And rather smother than betray their Hate.  
Fold up these Maxims in the Royal Breast,  
And meditate upon 'em ere you rest!  
So when you shall the Golden Sceptre sway,  
Virtue to Happiness shall lead the Way.

F I N I S.



Think seriously on this, and then complain,  
If to appear at Court be any stain.

If George, officious, sweet Frederick cannot hope  
To please a Whig, or to charm a Pope,  
Tho' bright in all that can conciliate Love,  
Wife as a Serpent, harmless as a Dove,  
Not all the Charms of Heav'n can lessen all  
That seek for Favour, or for Pagan's call:

So with an Eagle's Eye, great Frederick, scan  
The Power, ere you trust designing Man.

All that approach you, something have in View;  
The Rays of Honour shine in very few;  
Yet are the Men of Virtue early known,  
Tho' very rare the blooming Flower is shown.  
The Ray by which you may distinguish such  
Beams in the Souls that never loath too much;  
That pluck to raise up Discord in the State,  
And rather smother than betray their Fate,  
Hold up their Blazons in the Royal Breast,  
And mediate upon 'em ere you rest.

So when you flash the Golden Sceptre away,  
Virtue to Happiness leads the Way.



